

A Knight Without Armor by therealfarklenation

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Summary: If Mike hadn't been so set on his destination, he definitely would have turned back by now... Or long before that. But he didn't. He had a mission. He had to push on. FLUFFY MILEVEN ONESHOT. AGED UP MILEVEN.

A Knight Without Armor

PSHHHH SO FINALS, AMIRITE? Anyway, I was watching Stand By Me (for mmmmaybe the 100th time), and couldn't get the Ballad of Paladin out of my head. And then I was like, "Hey wait, let me twist this up." So this s what came from that. Shitzo. They're aged up, just getting that clear. Maybe 15 or 16 (but Mike still doesn't drive yet lol).

Setting: Spring (early March)

Song: Hold Me Now - Thompson Twins (but it's not used in the story lol, sorry)

Rated: PG 13

Have gun will travel, reads the card of a man

A knight without armor in a savage land

Mike Wheeler trudged through the muddy forest, his bike and left shoe all but forgotten two miles away, beside the nearest road. He was cold, given the bitter winds of early March, and the heavy downpour surely did nothing to help him as he made his way through the thick branches and trees. If he hadn't been so set on his destination, he definitely would have turned back by now... Or long before that. But he didn't. He had a mission. He had to push on.

His fast gun hire, heeds the calling wind

A soldier of fortune, is a man called - Pal-a- din

These directions Nancy had given him better be the right ones, so *help me, God*. Sure, he had been to the cabin numerous times, he knew what it looked like, and had a basic understanding of where it was located, but never had he gone alone, on foot, to Hopper's wooden fortress. Early in the journey, it had been exciting. It gave him a rush, sneaking out of the house, just to sneak into another one, like regular teenagers. Like normal teenagers. God, he loved that

feeling. Normalcy. For once, everything was normal... ish (I mean, your life is never truly normal when your girlfriend can flip semi-trucks with her mind).

But now, three miles into his hike to the cabin, Mike feels an overwhelming sense of stupidity as he squints through the rain, having no visible sign of his destination.

Paladin, Paladin, where do you roam

Paladin, Paladin, far, far from home

He's shaking now, drenched to the bone from the springtime rain. Mike keeps going, though. It'll be damn worth it, in the long run (or, at least, in a few minutes).

There's a light, a distant, warm light. Headlights? He couldn't tell. If they were headlights, he'll be a goner. Hopper hadn't exactly invited him over. It was more of a surprise visit.

The lights weren't getting closer, which was a good sign. That meant they were probably coming from inside a cabin.

The cabin!

The mud sucked at his feet as he picked up his pace, sprinting toward that light, that brilliant, beautiful light. Closer and closer. Now he could see it, not quite clearly (the rain was still hindering his vision), but enough. Enough to give him the energy to-

He suddenly fell face first to the ground, tripped on a tree root.

Okay, minor setback. Now we're a lot more muddy, if that was even possible.

Mike scrambled to his feet, wiping the mud from his face. He looked down, noticing the thin fishing line tied between two trees, it seemed to look like a... tripwire?

Oh, shit, that was close. Too close.

He stepped over the thin string, and quietly made his way to the back

of the cabin. He was finally there. El's room. El's window.

He grabbed a pebble, a small one, observing it for a few seconds.

Then he threw it.

Plink!

Mike looked at the window longingly, it's curtains drawn, the soft light emanating from inside the small, cozy home.

Nothing. So, he tried again.

Plink!

He held his breath, watching as a shadow moved about the room. Then to the window...

"Please don't be Hopper, please don't be Hopper, please don't be-"

Eleven opened the curtains, big, brown eyes widening as she finally notices the soaking-wet fifteen-year-old, shivering in the rain, "Mike!"

She was whispering. Smart.

El quickly opened the window, without moving, of course. He smiled, climbing in, his right shoe finally falling off in the process, "Hey..."

She wasted no time, tackling him to the floor, nuzzling the crook of his neck as he slid his arms around her waist, "Hi..."

Mike breathed her in, hardly believing his success. She smiled against his neck, and pulled his head down, closer to her.

"Why are you here?" She finally muttered, her voice muffled from being pressed to his jacket.

She felt his body vibrate as he chuckled in reply, "I really, really wanted to see you."

The water from his raven curls (yes, his hair was quite curly now, almost matching her own) dripped onto the back of her nightshirt. Eleven untangled herself from him, taking in his vulnerable

appearance. His hair was clinging to his head, just as the rest of his clothes were to his body. His shoes were missing, too. And he was covered in this thick, black mud, which he had unknowingly smeared all over her during their embrace.

She also noticed that he was shivering, and his lips were a pale, purply color, "You're cold..."

"Warm me up then." He pulled her back into his arms, feeling the heat radiate from her body.

"You're going to get sick..."

"It's worth it."

"No." She looked up at him, using her puppy-dog eyes to her advantage, "Dry clothes..."

Damn it. The puppy eyes...

"Fine." He sighed, "I'll change my clothes... And then can we-"

"Yes." She cut him off, grinning.

Eleven ended up grabbing whatever clothes she could find from Hopper's drawer, which turned out to be a stained, blue undershirt and a pair of grey sweatpants, both far too big for Mike's skinny body, but it was comfortable. Or, at least, it looked comfortable. He was practically sinking in the damn things.

"Thanks." He smiled.

"You're welcome," She smiled back, taking a seat next to him on her bed, "Your hair is still wet, though."

"Yeah?"

She nodded, pointing at the damp bedsheets from where he was lounging.

He smirked, grabbing her arms, vigorously shaking his head like a

dog, the water from his shaggy mane flying everywhere.

"Mike!"

"See?" He laughed, "Better!"

She wiped the muddy water from her face, trying her best to pull off a fake glare (in which she failed).

Mike caught the grin hidden behind her deadly stare, snorting with laughter as she screwed up her face, mimicking Hopper's trademark scowl.

"That was funny business." She grunted, folding her arms, "No funny business."

"No funny business?" He gasped, clutching his heart, "But Chief, Eleven was counting on my funny business tonight! I came all the way out here to show her how funny my business could b-"

El captured his lips with her own, smiling against his mouth as he let out a surprised yelp. He tangled his hands through her soft, brown curls. In return, she pushed him up against the headboard, tilting her head as he caught her bottom lip once again. She could feel herself blushing, a fairly new phenomenon, somehow it only happened when he was around.

She pulled back from the kiss, giggling at his childish pout, "I missed you, Mike."

"Me too." He breathed, hands still tangled in her short locks, "You have no idea..."

"It's only been four days."

"Four days too many, if you ask me," Mike slid his arms down to her hips, "Now... How about a little more funny business before the Chief wakes up, yeah?"

PLEASE BE KIND, MY FINE FEATHERED FRIENDS! REVIEWS AND FAVS WELCOMED! Also: I made a mileven mixtape on spotify, if

ya wanna check dat out. My username is ThatsOneStrangeThing and the playlist is called Mileven Mixtape.

I love you all, class dismissed.